



FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY

CREEPY
#34
AUG

A WARREN
MAGAZINE

POB
50*

**Beware the strange man in
the Lifeboat! He is trying
to control Your Mind!
See page 13...**



K. J. BARR



CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE

SWIMMING HAZILY THROUGH THE MURKILY MYSTICAL DEPTHS OF INDIA'S OCEAN FOLKLORE IS **THE MAKARA** --- SOMETIMES APPEARING TO MORTALS AS PART CROCODILE, DOLPHIN, SHARK AND ELEPHANT, THIS HINDOO MYTHOLOGICAL GOD IS SAID TO KEEP THE INDIAN OCEAN WARM. OTHER AUTHORITIES SAY THE MAKARA ITSELF DOESN'T KEEP INDIAN OCEAN WARM. THEY CLAIM SEETHING VOLCANIC MOLTEN LAVA FISSURES ON THE OCEAN FLOOR WHERE THE MAKARA MAKES ITS HOME PROVIDE THE WEIRD WATERS' WARMTH. IF YOU MEET THE **HOT-BLOODED MAKARA**, SWIM FAR AWAY BEFORE THIS **FABULOUS FISH FRY'S YOU!**





CREEPY NO. 34

NO. 34

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN COVER: KEN BARR

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: KEN BARR, JOHN G. FANTUCCIO, KEN KELLEY, SYD SHORES, JACK SPARLING, DON VAUGHN, TONY WILLIAMSUNE

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: AL HEWETSON, BILL PARENTE, ROBERT ROSEN, BUDDY SAUNDERS



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Another ascription of monstrous mis-

X-TRA^{LS}XTM

At last! The scientific explanation of werewolves. . . But don't throw away your silver bullets!

LIFEBOAT

He came to earth to destroy the minds of men, and replace them with something else!

CREEPY FAN CLUB

Pulsating pictures and terrifying tones,
all creepily conducted by you, our
readers.

THE COOL JAZZ GHOUL

A masterful study of the macabre.

MINANKER'S DEMONS

Swords and sorcery in a forgotten land beyond time

FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLEMARE

The sinister, shocking story behind the monstrous model

THE SWAMP IN HELL

Can any force stop the lumbering monstrosity that stalks forth from the fetal waters?

ANDO

Join beastly Baron Voss and his brute assistants as they attempt to create an army of superhumans.



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MAIL



Issue #32 was pretty good. Frank Frazetta's cover was excellent, and Neal Adams' art on "The Rock God" was just great. But "VAMPIRE" was awful. "Death is a Lonely Place" was my favorite story I never imagined a vampire could be so human.

BILL WHITAKER
Wheeling, W. Va.

It's one of the first rules of Vampirism, my boy. If you don't seem human, you'll get hungry.

I've seen and read CREEPY since the very beginning and I know very well what you are capable of. I thought that once the old staff left, CREEPY would die. But you pulled yourself up with talents like Tom Sutton and Neal Adams. And the return of Mr. Frazetta proved you could reach your top standards again. Issue #32 was just beautiful. Professional all the way. Frazetta and Adams were both up to their highest standards. Why don't you have more of the classic stories by Edgar Allan Poe and H. P. Lovecraft? I think, too, that the great Ray Bradbury would look good between your covers.

ERIC PEDERSON
Kensington, Md.

Thought we couldn't do it, eh? Old soldiers never die, Ric. I've been around death for so long, I know how to avoid it.

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Kensington, Md.

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Not too long ago, a friend of mine, who also reads CREEPY, saw the latest edition of your mag. "Have you seen number 32? They sure have come a long way," he said. I have to agree. It took a lot of reprint assets, but you're finally back on top of the heap. The cover on issue #32 was the best I've seen in ages. It's one of Frank Frazetta's all-time best. It was only fitting that the story that went with it was just as great. I know you have your own staff of regulars, but when an old favorite like Neal Adams draws the best and longest story, he towers over the best of them. I read "Rock God" in a horror magazine not too long ago, and loved it then, also. "Death is a Lonely Place" showed that even a vampire has feelings—which was just the opposite of "VAMPIRE." That story finally shows that Tony Williams can put tones and added dimensions to his art.

I can't figure out why you call Ernie Colon "David St. Clair," when he signs the first panel as Ernie. Also, Tony Williams has more pen names than I can remember. Colon did an outstanding job on "A Wall of Privacy," and Mike Royer did a great job on "Executioner," which is why he's fast becoming one

of my personal favorites. I liked all the stories in this issue, mainly because they were all new. And most had endings. I couldn't guess. Keep up the good work, it's let our Devil Eddie be turning in his grave over being stuck in third place after you and the second place VAMPIRELLA.

WILLIAM SWEENEY
Weirton, W. Va.

I approve your choice of friends, Bill. You're obviously a pair of discriminating young men. Smart, too.

I don't want my first letter to your fine magazine to be a complaint, but it is. Not that I don't like your magazine—I think even EERIE is great. But I want to know why you're sticking Ernie Colon's name all over the place. First of all, in EERIE #25, on the Face Page, you have a drawing supposedly from a fan who forgot to include his name. So how come at the bottom is the well-known Colon signature? Then in CREEPY #32, the story, "A Wall of Privacy," which is supposed to have been drawn by "David St. Clair," also contains Ernie Colon's signature. What goes on?

CHARLES KERNODLE
Memphis, Tenn.

What goes on, obviously, is Ernie Colon's signature. I've noticed it myself. I think Ernie has a press agent.

I used to like EERIE better, but lately, you've been getting better. But since becoming a fan of yours about a year ago, I'm finding it harder and harder to find your books. The best issue I've seen so far was #28. I think "The Doorway" was fantastic. I wish I had seen issue #30, though. Everyone was saying it was the coolest and the scariest. But I couldn't find a copy around here.

DENNIS O'KEEFE
Chicago, Ill.

Everything they said about #30 was the honest truth. You can order a copy from our back issue dept. And you can keep up with future issues by ordering a subscription.

"Rock God" was the best story ever published in any women's magazine. Harlan Ellison's script was certainly the best ever to grace the

pages of CREEPY. Neal Adams' art was the best he's ever done, too. Even the lettering, by Ben Oda, was the best ever seen in a horror magazine. All this, coupled with a fantastically mysterious cover painted by Frank Frazetta supports my claim that "Rock God" will never be battered by anything past, present or future. It's a shame, though. After all these years, CREEPY has been getting better with every issue, but now it's impossible to improve, for "Rock God" is the pinnacle for all that is or has ever been.

DAN WILDER
Jupiter, Fla.

When you're number one, Dan you by harter. Watch out. I think this may be the first time anyone has mentioned the lettering by Ben Oda. And it's about time! Ben has been with us since the beginning, and nobody deserves more praise. He's worked closely with more pros than anybody in the business and he's a favorite with all of them. We've been trying to get him to write a biography for the Fan Club page, but he's too busy to get all the facts together for us. But he will. And when he does, you're in for an exciting story. He works regularly with all the best people in the business from Milton Caniff to Neal Adams.

CREEPY #32 was without a doubt the best ever to hit the stands. "Rock God," by Harlan Ellison, was great along with the magnificent art by Neal Adams. The Frazetta cover was beyond mortal words of praise. Wasn't the same story also published in a new pulp magazine that specializes in tales of witchcraft and the supernatural? I hope "Rock God" marks the beginning of a new custom of giving short biographies with some of your stories. I liked the biography as much as the story in your issue #2, you gave us a story by Eando Binder containing the life story of Adam Link. This was great, and something I'd like to see much more of. Following up on news by original writers, that is. The day after I bought that issue, a rock radio station, WMLX, in Boston had a weekend special on witches. I called the disc jockey on the phone and read him the article you had reprinted on the Fan Club page from The New York Times. (It was titled, "Late News

them!" and appeared on page A1.) He told the listening audience about the information I gave him, but he forgot to mention you, Joe. Looking over your competition, and I see you have nothing at all to worry about. Most of them are really gross. They're really downgrading the whole horror comics field. And their covers! Even your very poorest artists can outdraw the best of them.

JOE VIGLIONE
Arlington, Mass.



I'm not too worried about the competition, Joe. It's The New York Times that bothers me!

Issue #32 was absolutely beautiful! Everything a ghoul could ask for. A Frazetta cover with no cover gups to quibble about. Less advertisements. Longer and better stories. Good artists. Great writers. And a really loathsome "loathsome Lore." Speaking of art, I really dig Billy Graham's art. I'll never forget the fantastic job he did on "Rhapsody in Red" in the second issue of **VAMPIRELLA**. I like the way he draws vampires. He really puts fury into his work. By the way, that was a perfectly pounding poem written by Michael Baumgardner and Christopher Laubs in the last ish. **JACK AGUGLIARO**
Nagare Falls, N.Y.

As a long-time horror fan, I enjoy reading your magazine a lot. But let's face it, you're not up to par! First, the ads! Try to get Frazetta for covers, and maybe some inside work, too. Let's see more of Jeff Jones, Neal Adams, Bernie Wrightson, Ralph Reese, Morrow, Crandall, Orlando, Oates, McIntosh, and less of Colon, Williamson, Grandenetti, Stewart, and others. Stories. Check them very carefully before you print them. And let us have more of the classics like "Dracula" and "Frankenstein." Covers! Cut out the margins. And words that blot out the picture. And don't put Creepy's picture in the upper left hand corner. It just looks stupid. Inside! Make your stories longer. Expand the Fan Club to two pages. Make the letters page longer. Instead of ads, give us another story in their place. These are only some of my ideas.

GERARDO GREIS
North Olmstead, Ohio



I have an idea you haven't seen some of our recent issues. If you had, you'd know we've already taken a lot of your advice.

Your magazine has jumped into the lead again. And I must say, I'm really amazed at the quality of it. Frazetta's

cover and Ellison's script and Neal's art started issue #32 with real blood. It was a real treat for one who had seen just tidbits for the past eleven issues. I've collected all your magazines since the second one. And in all that time have missed only five issues. But you have raised **CREEPLY's** standard to a new high in bloody, gory, completely fantastic standards. The last issue was worth a lot more than the 50c cover price!

JOE SCOTT
Sack Centre, Minn.



I don't know why you are so surprised, Joe. You had enough faith to stick with us all that time. Watch what we're going to do in issues coming up!

Good lord! When I saw your issue #32, I had to rub my eyes and tell myself I wasn't dreaming! If it weren't enough to have a cover by Frank Frazetta, you had to go and have Haxan Ellison write a story about it! And, on top of that, you had Neal Adams illustrate it! How much can you ask for? I am overwhelmed at this very anxious attempt to restore **CREEPLY** to its original level of quality. I've been watching your magazine since the first issue, and I realize you've seen some bad times. However, in the last several issues, there

has been an obvious return to the original level of creativity. Don't stop now! We need you more than ever now that the rest of the industry seems to be slowing down. You may not be able to have a Frazetta cover every time, nor all of your old artists back. But don't let that stop you from exploring new fields and reaching new heights. You're our only hope!

JOHN POUND
San Diego, Cal.

Issue #32 was, like every other issue of **CREEPLY**, worth more than the price I paid. You should have Frank Frazetta do more covers, since your readers agree he's the best there is. Another great artist is Ernie Colon. He never fails to make chills run up my spine. I've noticed that many of your letters say you are skipping I don't know if this is true. It's hard to imagine how you ever could have been better than you are now.

JEFF KAUSH
South Windsor, Conn.



You wouldn't happen to be Ernie Colon's press agent, would you, Jeff?

Address your mail to
GEAR UNCLE CREEPY
22 E. 42nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10017



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PROLOGUE... THROUGHOUT MAN'S HISTORY, NO LEGEND IS AS COMMON AS THAT OF THE WEREWOLF...

...THE WEREWOLF, IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER CROPS UP IN THE FOLKLORE OF ALMOST EVERY CULTURE, FROM ANCIENT EGYPT TO THE PRESENT...

NO REASON... NO EXPLANATION FOR MY AFFLICTION! ONLY... GRRROWLL...

THE HUMAN BECOMES SUB-HUMAN: A FEAR THAT EXISTS IN ALL OF US!!

CAN WE, AS MODERN PEOPLE, MERELY DISMISS THE BELIEFS OF COUNTLESS MILLIONS AS ONLY SUPERSTITION?

GRRRR-ROWWLL...

WHO... WHO'S THERE?



NO! I... I CAN'T GO THROUGH IT ANOTHER NIGHT! WHY AM I SO CURSED? WHY?!



BEHIND EVERY LEGEND LIES FACT. WHY SHOULD IT BE LESS TRUE OF THIS ONE?

PLEASE... LEAVE ME ALONE! DON'T KILL ME! I... I...

THERE COULD BE SOME REASONABLE, SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION FOR WEREWOLVES!!

NO! NO! PLEASE! KEEP AWAY!

THIS EXPLANATION IS AS POSSIBLE AS ANY OF THEM!!



COME IN, CORPSES! DON'T MIND ME... I'M BUSY PUTTING ALL MY "X" IN ONE BASKET! THAT WRITING REMARK WILL MAKE MORE SENSE ONCE WE DELVE INTO THIS DREADFUL DISCOURSE ABOUT A FELLOW SUFFERING WITH THAT...



"X-TRA"X

WE KNOW, GENTLEMEN, OF THE FACT THAT OUR GENES CONTROL WHO WE ARE, AND THAT GENES ARE MADE UP OF CHROMOSOMES WHICH DETERMINE ALL OUR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS!

LATELY, WE HAVE DISCOVERED IN THOSE WHO COMMIT THE MOST VIOLENT CRIMES, AN EXTRA "X" CHROMOSOME...

...WHICH MANY NOW BELIEVE CAUSE SUCH VIOLENT PERSONALITIES! THESE PEOPLE CANNOT BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT THEY DO... THEY ARE SLAVES OF X-TRA "X" CHROMOSOME!

PROFESSOR!... COULD THIS EXTRA CHROMOSOME ALSO CAUSE CERTAIN VIOLENCE-PRONE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS?

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T ANSWER THAT, YOUNG MAN! I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU MEAN BY "VIOLENCE-PRONE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS." MY RESEARCH IS ONLY NOW ENTERING THAT PHASE OF STUDY!

ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?



TWO DAYS LATER...

ANOTHER USELESS KILLING! YET WILL THE AUTHORITIES REALIZE THAT PEOPLE WHO COMMIT SUCH A CRIME CAN'T HELP IT? INSTEAD OF TRYING TO PUNISH THEM... WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE THEIR CHROMOSOMES!... HMMM! SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!



PROFESSOR, MY NAME IS BRUNO ARNZ! AT YOUR LECTURE I ASKED ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF CHROMOSOMAL IMBALANCE CAUSING PHYSICAL CHANGES, REMEMBER? YOU'RE THE ONLY WHO CAN HELP ME!

WELL... I'M VERY BUSY WITH MY RESEARCH, BUT IF IT'S SO URGENT, COME IN!



NOW... NOW CAN I HELP YOU, MR. ARNZ!

I FEAR THAT I'M THE "MANGLE MURDERER!" I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING EACH NIGHT A MURDER TOOK PLACE! I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING, CLOTHES TORN, DIRTY AND... WITH BLOOD ON MY HANDS!



WHY DO YOU COME TO ME? YOU SHOULD SEE THE POLICE!

BECAUSE I THINK I MAY HAVE THIS EXTRA "X" CHROMOSOME! YOU TALK OF... THAT A QUIRK IN MY GENES MAY BE RESPONSIBLE! EXCEPT FOR THE NIGHTS OF THE CRIMES, I'M NORMAL! I'VE NO DESIRE TO HURT ANYONE!



PROFESSOR... HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A WEREWOLF? LYCANTHROPUS IS THE SCIENTIFIC NAME! A MAN CURSED TO BECOME A MAN-WOLF ON THE NIGHTS OF THE FULL MOON! AND EACH "MANGLE" CRIME WAS COMMITTED ON SUCH A NIGHT!

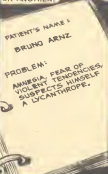


THAT YOU MAY BE A MURDERER IS POSSIBLE... IT IS NOT UNUSUAL THAT A SEEMINGLY NORMAL MAN WITH REPRESSED HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES WILL NOT REMEMBER HIS ACTS! AND A WILD CHROMOSOME MAY WELL BE THE CAUSE! BUT THIS BUSINESS ABOUT A WEREWOLF...

IF A DISPLACED CHROMOSOME CAN AFFECT THE MIND, WHY NOT THE BODY TOO AT CERTAIN TIMES? YOU COULD FIND OUT... THE MOON WILL BE FULL TONIGHT!



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT... YOU'RE MY PATIENT, MR. ARNZ, UNTIL WE DETERMINE IF YOU INDEED HAVE AN EXTRA CHROMOSOME! STAY HERE FOR OBSERVATION TONIGHT... BY MORNING WE'LL KNOW ABOUT THIS "WEREWOLF" THEORY... ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!



PATIENT'S NAME :
BRUNO ARNZ

PROBLEM:
ANXIOSITY, FEAR OF VIOLENT TENDENCIES,
SUSPECTS HIMSELF
A LYCANTHROPE.

THAT EVENING...

WELL, WE CAN SET ONE OF YOUR FEARS TO REST! THE FULL MOON IS RISING AND IT HASN'T AFFECTED YOU...

PERHAPS, BUT I DO FEEL A LITTLE STRANGE... WOODY PERHAPS I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT! T... I...



IT'S TRUE... REALLY TRUE!



BUT BEFORE LONG...

AW C'MON JUST A LITTLE KISS, BABY!

LET ME GO! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE TRYING THIS OUR FIRST DATE! I'M GETTING OUT AND WALKING HOME!



I DON'T MIND WHEN THE GUY IS RIGHT, BUT THAT TED IS SUCH A CREEP! SO IT LOOKS LIKE A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS FOR ME! ... WHAT'S THAT?? WHO'S THERE



GRRRROOOW!



AS THE NIGHT OF TERROR BEGINS TO FADE...

I SHOULD REPORT ARNZ... BUT WHEN WILL I GET ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS? THE STUDY MUST PROCEED WHATEVER THE COST AND-- THAT NOISE!



I KNEW HE'D COME BACK!
HIS ANIMAL INSTINCTS LED
HIM HERE JUST BEFORE
THE MOON'S EFFECT WORE
OFF! BEST GET HIM
INSIDE AND CLEANED
UP!



HOURS LATER... YOU'RE IN
THE HOME
OF PROFESSOR
KARL KREM, AND
QUITE SAFE FOR
NOW... BUT LAST
NIGHT CONFIRMED
THE WORST! YOU
ARE LYCANTHROPIC!
SO AS YOUR
DOCTOR, WHILE
YOU SLEPT, I
MADE SOME
TESTS ON YOU
WITH AMAZING
RESULTS!



YOU DO HAVE AN ADDITIONAL
X CHROMOSOME. AS YOU
SUSPECTED! IT IS THIS AS
IN OTHER CASES THAT
CAUSES YOUR VIOLENT
TENDENCIES. AND THIS
WHICH ALSO BRINGS ABOUT
THE PHYSICAL TRANSFOR-
MATION YOU
EXPERIENCE



NOT SO FAST, MY FRIEND! MANY
OTHER PEOPLE HAVE THIS
RECESSIVE "X" TENDENCY!
THEY MAY BECOME VIOLENT
BUT NOT WEREWOLVES! WE'VE
GOT TO FIND OUT WHY YOU'RE
DIFFERENT BEFORE I CAN
HELP! I MADE A SMEAR SLIDE
FOR THE MICROSCOPE!



...WHICH REVEALS THAT
YOUR EXTRA "X" IS OF
A DIFFERENT SIZE AND
CONFIGURATION THAN
ANY OTHER I'VE EVER
SEEN! IF WE CAN
TRACE ITS GENETIC
ORIGIN, WE MAY HAVE
THE ANSWER!



THE MAD CHROMOSOME IS AFFECTED
BY THE GRAVITY OF THE FULL
MOON AND GIVES OFF A FLUID
WHICH CAUSES THE CHANGE!
WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO
SURGICALLY SEAL IT OFF
AND BOTTLE UP THE FLUID!
BUT IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE
BEFORE, AND WILL BE VERY
DANGEROUS... WILLING TO
RISK IT?



THE MAD CHROMOSOME IS
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BE VERY DANGEROUS...
WILLING TO RISK IT?



BUT **HURRY** PROFESSOR...
THE MOON WILL BE **FULL**
AGAIN TONIGHT!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

IT'LL REMIND YOU AGAIN OF
THE DANGER... THIS OPERATION
IS OUTSIDE THE BOUNDS OF
ACCEPTED SURGERY! A
MISTAKE IN DEALING WITH
SUCH GLANDS
WOULD BE
FATAL... AND
I CAN'T
GUARANTEE
THE RESULTS
IN ANY
CASE!



ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S
A CHANCE, NO MATTER **NOW**
SMALL, FOR RELEASE!



ALL RIGHT THEN
BREATHE DEEPLY
THROUGH THE
NOSE... YOU
WON'T FEEL
A THING!

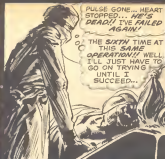


...AND SO
WE BEGIN...



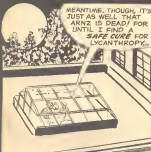


RESPIRATION GETTING WEAK! MUST HURRY... HE CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE WITHOUT GOING INTO SHOCK! JUST MAKE THIS CUT HERE...



PULSE GONE... HEART STOPPED... HE'S DEAD!! I'VE FAILED AGAIN!

THE SIXTH TIME AT THIS SAME OPERATION!! WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO ON TRYING UNTIL I SUCCEED...



MEANTIME, THOUGH, IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT ARNZ IS DEAD! FOR UNTIL I FIND A SAFE CURE FOR LYCANTHROPY...



...THERE'S ROOM FOR ONLY ONE "MANGLE MURDERER" IN THIS TOWN!!



OOOPS!! A TISKET, A TASKET; MY BASKET'S NOW A CASKET!! WHICH WE MAY NEED MORE OF UNLESS PROFESSOR KREM GETS SUCCESSFUL SOON! NOW, IF YOU XTRICTATE YOURSELVES FROM STARING AT MY EX-X ON THE FLOOR HERE, WE'LL XHUME SOME MORE XCITEMENT FOR YOU...

DYING CIVILIZATIONS, UNLIKE SINKING SHIPS, ARE GIVEN PLENTY OF WARNING BEFORE DISASTER STRIKES THEM. DEAD HOWEVER, THEY RARELY PAY ATTENTION TO THE ALARMS UNTIL THE DESPERATE HOURS THEN, LIKE DROWNING MEN, THEY ALL CLAMBER ABOARD A...

Lifeboat!



SPACE WAS EXPLORED, WINES AND CONQUERED, ALLIANCES WERE FORMED AND ENEMIES WERE MADE, BUT NO ONE RESTED TO LICK THEIR WOUNDS. ADVANCEMENTS SPED ON WITH SUCH LEAPS THAT MANY PLANETS WERE OVERLOOKED OR ONLY TOUCHED LIGHTLY, SO THAT WHEN THEY CRIED FOR HELP THERE WAS NO ONE ABOUT TO LISTEN.

ABOARD THE LADY, A VESSEL RETURNING TO ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH, SUCH A CRY WAS HEARD...

CAPTAIN, I'M GETTING A DISTRESS SIGNAL FROM PLANET U-2. SURNAME GARTH.

IT'S A PULSATING SIGNAL WHICH DOESN'T RESPOND TO ANY ATTEMPTS TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE SOURCE.



IF THE SIGNAL IS AUTOMATIC THEN WE MAY BE TOO LATE.

HOWEVER, HAVE GLOBETROTTER A MAKE READY!

CAPTAIN GARTH, HIS FIRST MATE RENOYARD AND KATHARINE LUKE, AN ANTHROPOLOGIST AND LANGUAGE EXPERT, DON PROTECTIVE SUITS AND PREPARE TO ANSWER GARTH'S DISTRESS CALL...





GARTH HAD EXPLORED ALIEN WORLDS FOR MOST OF HIS LIFE, BUT NEVER HAD HE SEEN A PLANET MORE HOSTILE TOWARDS ANY FORM OF HUMANOID EXISTENCE. HE UNDERSTOOD WHY *UNITED WORLDS* HAD MARKED THIS PLANET *UNUSABLE FOR ANY PURPOSE*.

REYNARD, MOVE IN CLOSER TO MISS LIKE AND HOLD ON A TIGHT FORMATION I'M MOVING IN ON THE SOURCE OF THE SIGNAL FAST

RIGHT, CAPTAIN

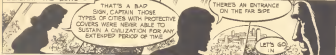


THE STAR TROOPERS FIND A CITY UNDER GLASS BUT THERE APPEARS TO BE NO STIRRING BENEATH THE BOWL

THAT'S A BAD SIGN, CAPTAIN. THOSE TYPES OF CITIES WITH PROTECTIVE COVERS WERE NEVER ABLE TO SUSTAIN A CIVILIZATION FOR ANY EXTENDED PERIOD OF TIME

THERE'S AN ENTRANCE ON THE FAR SIDE

LET'S GO IN



RUN! I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE AND I'VE NO STOMACH FOR IT NOW. I'M GOING TO CALL *THE LADY*

WAIT CAPTAIN! BELIEVE THERE'S SOMEONE LIVING HERE



A SURVIVOR! WHATEVER KILLED OFF HIS PEOPLE—CHANGE IN CLIMATE, INCREASE IN PREDATORY BEASTS, DISEASE—BY-PASSED HIM. I WONDER WHAT SORT OF A PERSON IT TAKES TO SURVIVE THE DEATH OF HIS WORLD?



THIS SORT OF MAN-ACELES!



THE BIG MAN WELCOMES HIS RESCUERS
AND BRIEFLY TELLS HIS TRAGIC TALE.



...IT WAS A BIT OF EVERYTHING
THAT KILLED OFF MY PEOPLE.
PLAGUE EVENTUALLY KILLED
THE LAST OF THEM BUT BEFORE
THEY DIED, THEY CREATED ME.
I WAS AN ORDINARY MAN
BEFORE OUR SCIENTISTS
BEGAN TO WORK ON
MY BODY
AND
BRAIN.



THEY BUILT
MY BODY TO
ITS SUPREME SO
THAT I WOULD LIVE FOR
FIVE HUNDRED YEARS
AND THEN THEY DIED
AND LEFT ME ALONE.
I CAN SPEAK OVER
TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY
THREE LANGUAGES, BUT
THERE'S NO ONE TO TALK TO.
I HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT
THE SIGNAL. THANK GOD
IT BROUGHT YOU HERE.
I CRAVE PEOPLE MORE
THAN ANYTHING
ELSE.

THE NEXT MORNING, THE TROOPERS PREPARE TO RETURN
TO THE *LADY* WITH THEIR PROMETHEAN PASSENGER.



IT'S THE
BIGGEST
ONE WE
HAVE.

NO LUGGAGE?
NO REMEMBRANCES?

I'D HAVE TO
BRING IT ALL
SO INSTEAD
I'VE LEFT IT
ALL BEHIND.

THIS IS
DR. SPINELL.

ASARD THE *LADY*
ACELES' PRESENCE
DOMINATES THE
CORPORUS.

HOW LONG
DOES IT TAKE
FOR A MAN
ALONE TO LOSE
HIS INTEREST
IN WOMEN?

A
HUNDRED
YEARS.

I'M GLAD
WE MORTALS
HAVE SHORTER
LIFE SPANS.

WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU
SOME TESTS, MR. ACELES.
I HOPE YOU
HAVE NO
OBJECTIONS.

NONE.

KATY, I'M PUTTING
ACELES IN YOUR CHARGE.
SHOW HIM AROUND
THE SHIP. TAKE HIM
TO YOUR FAVORITE
PLACES. TRY TO
MAKE HIM FEEL
COMFORTABLE.

THAT
WILL BE
A PLEASURE,
CAPTAIN.
I'LL BE THE
ENVY OF ALL
THE GIRLS.



IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN GARTH EXHIBITS HIS UNWILLINGNESS TO HIS FIRST MATE

RENEE, WHY WOULD A DYING CIVILIZATION POOL THEIR LAST EFFORTS INTO BUILDING A SUPERMAN? THEIR SCIENCES SHOULD HAVE BEEN CONCENTRATING ON SURVIVAL

THEY NEEDED SOMEONE TO MAN THE SIGNAL

FOR WHAT REASON IF THEY ARE ALL DEAD?

THEY'RE NOT DEAD! THESE ARE THE RESULTS OF ACELES TESTS THEY REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE GRETTIANS AND EXPOSE ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE SURVIVAL PLOTS THAT I'VE EVER HEARD OF

IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE GREAT CRAFT, KATY ENTERTAINS THE ATTRACTIVE ALIEN

THIS IS THE MOON ROOM. MOONLIGHT IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A ROMANTIC EFFECT ON EARTHLINGS

IT IS VERY SOOTHING, KATY AND ROMANTIC I AM REMINDED OF A GIRL I ONCE KNEW ON GRETA HER NAME WAS MORVA SHE WOULD NOT BE CONSIDERED PRETTY BY YOUR STANDARDS, BUT TO ME, THERE WAS NO BEAUTY IN OUR CITY BUT HERS

WHAT ARE YOU COMING TO ME? ACELES, STOP THIS!

OH, NO! I DIDN'T REALISE THE CHANGE WOULD ALSO BE PHYSICAL THEY'LL KNOW NOW EVERYTHING IS RUINED!

WILL YOU BE MORVA FOR ME? BE VERY STILL AND EMPTY YOUR MIND OF ALL THOUGHTS THINK ONLY OF THE DARKNESS OF SPACE AND MORVA WILL FILL YOUR MIND MORVA!

HE SCORED PERFECTLY IN EVERY TEST. NO ONE HUMAN CAN DO THAT. DO YOU SEE HOW HIS HANDWRITING CHANGED AS HE ANSWERED QUESTIONS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS? ACELES IS NOT ONE MAN! HE'S MILLIONS OF PEOPLE'S MINDS ALL ENCASED WITHIN HIS BRAIN! HE'S THE LIFEBOAT OF THE ENTIRE GRETTIAN RACE!

HE WAS EVEN MOLDED SURGICALLY INTO OUR IMAGE BECAUSE THE GRETTIANS CALCULATED THAT ACELES' RESCUERS WOULD BE HUMAN.

INTERESTING! BUT HE IS NOT A THREAT TO US UNLESS HE IS CAPABLE OF REPLANTING GRETTIAN MINDS INTO HUMAN BRAINS. CAN HE DO THIS?

CAPTAIN! WARNING INTRUDER IN ENGINE ROOM! INTRUDER!

ACELES!
IT MUST BE HIM!

HE WAS PROBABLY HEADED FOR A GLOBETROTTER! AT THIS DISTANCE HE COULD EASILY HAVE MADE IT TO THE EARTH BEFORE US!

THEY ARE NOT HURT TOO BADLY. THEY SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT WITH SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION.

CAPTAIN, THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE CROSSWALK IF WE EACH CUMB UP FROM A DIFFERENT SIDE WE'LL HAVE HIM TRAPPED BETWEEN US.

REMYARD IS THE FIRST TO REACH THE INTRUDER BUT IS SHOCKED WHEN THE CHALLENGED FIGURE REVEALS HERSELF.

HALT!
WHAT THE....?

REYNARD HESITATED FOR ONLY A MOMENT BUT IT COST HIM HIS LIFE

MORVA IS MORE FORTUNATE THE BAY FROM THE CAPTAIN'S PISTOL ONLY STUNS HER



SO THIS IS WHAT A GRETTIAN LOOKS LIKE BUT WHERE DID SHE... KATY! YOU'RE KATY!



SPINELLI!
STOP ACELES!

STOP HIM
ANY WAY YOU
CAN!



IN HASTE,
ACELES MAKES
A FATAL
MISTAKE

HE'S LOCKED
HIMSELF IN
HERE!

AN
AIRLOCK!
HE'S TRAPPED!
GET THE
SECURITY
GUARDS!





THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



The Fan Club goes international with this picture of a vampire drawn by MONDINI GIANLUIGI of Bologna, Italy . . .



The return address on the envelope this story came in said: Thomas Iamberg, Passaic, N.J. But the story itself was signed, "The Doomed." It's also, as it turns out, the title of the story . . .

THE DOOMED by Thomas Iamberg

My profession? I'm a scientist. I've worked in seclusion and complete privacy for a number of years. Now I feel it's time to publish my secret findings.

I have devised a time machine. My experiments with it have been very interesting indeed. My machine is capable of transporting another being from another point in time into my laboratory. The only drawback is that I do not know from which period in time my machine is drawing out the being materializes in my lab. Risky, isn't it? Well, no matter. Here is what has happened:

The first time I operated my machine, my hopes were high. But they were soon to vanish. The lights were flashing, the gears grinding. Then, out of nowhere, a lifeless creature materialized on the floor of my lab. It didn't move at all. But in spite of the ugly result of my first experiment, I felt elated. My machine worked.

But what about that thing on the floor? I examined it closely. It appeared to be a headless human body. I assumed it came from a time

in history when decapitation was more in vogue than it is today. I looked down at my feet and discovered I was standing in a pool of blood. I quickly disposed of the horrible thing and went on about my business. I was anxious to give my new machine an aftertry.

A week later, I was ready. The machine worked, even more rapidly this time and delivered to my lab floor a second corpse.

This one was riddled by hundreds of bloody holes. No doubt the unfortunate victim of a Foreign Legion firing squad.

I began to have doubts. I can bring back flesh and blood from other times. But why not a live one? I decided to try once again.

The machine went through the electronic motions of reaching back through time. Soon it delivered another body. Another dead man. The skin of this one had eaten away. This was surely the most terrifying result I had gotten yet.

I went forward to drag it away. Suddenly it moved. I gasped. I was speechless and screaming. It got up and began to stumble toward me.

I felt weak and very faint, but somehow I managed to back away from it. I ran wildly toward the door in a sudden burst of strength. Out of curiosity, I turned as I reached the door.

The thing was at the control panel of the machine. It

was using my device to bring more creatures like itself from some forgotten corner of time.

I slammed the door behind me and raced to the top of the lower elbow my lab. It wasn't until I had reached the top and securely bolted the door behind me that I stopped to catch my breath.

I lost no time in writing this letter. But by now I can hear them down there. There must be hundreds of them! I can hear them on the stair. They're coming for me. Send help! Now! Please . . . help . . . me . . .

This hungry guy was last seen in Long Beach, Cal., where he sat for this portrait by GERALD COLUCCI



THE MOVIE CRITIC by Steven Hart

"No. Not Keep away. LEEYAAA!" Hold still, Linda, or I might hit you."
"AAAAAAAGGGGGHHH!"
"AAAAAAABOOOOOOO"
MMMM

Then the words, "The End" appeared on the screen.
"Dad! Did you see that movie!"

"Yes. It was awful."
"Dad, every time you review a monster movie, you don't like it."

"That's because every one I've seen is badly done, John." "You always say that, Dad." "John, it's time to go home." "Back home, Dad? I've got to write his review for the local newspaper. When he turned it in, his editor gave him a new assignment: He was to review another new movie, "The War of the Monsters." At the theater, he settled down in his seat and hoped it would be better than he expected. At last, when it ended, he stayed in his seat until the others were gone. After they had left, and he was alone, he heard a voice behind him.

"Well, how did you like it?" "I think it was terrible. One of the worst I've seen. It wasn't realistic enough." Suddenly, he was dragged from his seat and thrown to the floor. Then he realized the theater was filled with monsters that he had just seen on the screen. "If it's realism you want, you're going to get it right now." He didn't even have time to scream.

LOST: A LIFE by Anthony Kowalk

I'm dying! Scared, shuddering unconsciously. Old So old, so lonely. My children, who might have been comforting, have all departed in the starships. Starships? To find a life no longer here. Yet I remained behind. As if there were a choice. I loved them as only a mother could. But no fear! Then why do I tremble? The wind is fierce. But I cannot breathe. The air is suffocating. Tainted with ashes, dust. The sky is gray and I cannot see the sun. Choking and shivering. It's getting colder, quickly and inevitably colder. Even if there were any water left. But no, that's gone, too. It's just me. And death. A very lonely me. A very handsome death. Come soon. I have waited. Long. A lifetime. Ended! And with a final, silent cry, the Earth gave up her spirit.



BRANT WITHERS, of Camarillo, Cal., saw this creature in a far pit where he went for a picnic one day last spring.

THE SEARCH FOR THE PHASIMARA PLANT by John Scrofani

Jack Bolton and Joseph Phike, had trekked all over the world searching for new and different plant species. They had collected every kind of plant known to man. And a few not previously known. Except for two species, one is a plant supposed to be extinct for 1000 years. The other is also supposedly extinct, the strange Phasimara Plant.

Then, in 1968, they discovered a specimen in the frozen Arctic wastes. The discovery made, Joe, along with his wife, Cora, and Jack, with his new girlfriend, Janet Cameron, headed for home.

It was at the same time that Jack began to experience odd stomach pains. His own doctor wasn't able to find the cause and sent him to a specialist who concluded that he had contracted the disease from exposure to the plant he had discovered in the Arctic. The only possible cure, he said, was the rare Phasimara Plant, the only known cure for this strange disease. If the plant could not be found, Jack would be dead within five years.

All this had taken place three years ago. And now, with only two years of life left, there was only place left to search: the jungles of India.

In a little clearing in the Indian jungle stands a little cabin. Inside, Jack and Janet are playing a game of cards, while Joe and Cora silently read.

Suddenly, breaking the somber mood, a horrible



The fellow on top is Konar of Gyngara, Slayer of the Dark Fury. **SCOTT CASSMAN**, who drew both pictures, didn't say who the girl is. The man with the scythe is Abraxis of Mas-el, Slayer of Death.

blood-curdling sound fills the air. Then, just as suddenly, a deathly silence.

Then, a huge, reptile-like creature slithers into view.

Rising more than nine feet in the air, it is covered with a green, hairy material. Sprouting from its side are two long powerful arms like those of a man, except for the hands, which are more like claws. The head of the creature is mounted on a thick, powerful neck. Its cavern-like mouth is armed with huge curved fangs. And its fiery glowing eyes bulge beneath huge, hairy brows.

The nose is flat and broad,



CAROL MACINNON calls this picture "Biting The Hand That Feeds You."

with flaring nostrils. And running from the top of its head, down to the tip of its threatening tail, a row of curving bony plates protruding from its scaly side.

Reaching the cabin, the monster begins to beat at the walls with its claws. In no time, the walls give way and the creature is inside.

Saying Janet, who by now is unconscious on the floor, it charges toward her. Jack, who has been paralyzed with horror, leaps forward to protect her. But just as he steps forward, his stomach tightens in pain. Everything blurs in front of his eyes. Joe picks up a chair and rushes toward the monster. He breaks it over the creature's head. The demon leashes out, sending him sprawling into a corner.

Now, undisturbed, the creature picks Janet up and retreats through the broken wall.

Minutes later, the others recover enough to go after the girl. Arming themselves with rifles, they head into the jungle.

As the trio enters a clearing, the monster nuzzles them from behind a huge boulder.

Jack raises his rifle. But the creature is on him before he can fire. The monster grabs Jack by the neck, hurling him into the thick underbrush. As it turns to face Joe, the gun goes off, hitting the creature in the eye. Angered by pain, the monster clamps its powerful jaws onto Joe's shoulder. Rearing up to full height, the demon hurls Joe into a tree, killing him instantly.

Cora, frightened out of her wits, empties her pistol at the creature. Two of her bullets go into its shoulder, a third hits its stomach.

Grimacing in pain, the monster charges. But before it reaches her, Jack leaps onto its back with a long Bowie knife.

Screaming in pain and anger, the creature lashes out. It pulls Jack up toward its head, and the man pumps six bullets into its head.

The wounded creature drops to the ground dead. But Jack is dying, too. As Cora reaches him, he breathes his last. Looking under his outstretched arm, she sees growing there the rare Phasimara Plant.

Have you got something new you'd like to see played on these pages? Drop them in the mail.

Address to:
CREEPY FAN CLUB
22 E. 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

WHAT A DRAG!

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER BUCK!
HARD-EARNED, TOO!

WHAT A TOTAL
UNMIGRATED DRAG!

THE COOL JAZZ GHOUL

HEY EVERYBODY...IT'S PETE.
PETE'S HERE! C'MON MAN, RIGHT
UP HERE ON STAGE, C'MON! JOIN
THE JAM BABY! C'MON EVERYBODY!
A BIG ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR
PETE PAUL!

PETER PIPES AN UNPRECEDENTED PERFECT PITCH
ON THAT SINGULARLY SIGNIFICANT SAD SAX OF HIS.
TOO BAD IT'S ONLY A PART TIME JOB-- THE REST OF
THE TIME HE WORKS AT THE CONNERY FUNERAL HOME,
AND THAT'S A TELL-TALE OPENER IF I'VE EVER HEARD
ONE! SO CLIMB OUT OF YOUR RUT CUPPLES AND
LET'S GROOVE-IN ON PACESETTER PETE PAUL!

IF ONLY I HAD SOME BREAD... I COULD CUT OUT DOWN TO MEXICO OR SOMETHING! OR EVEN OPEN MY OWN LITTLE CLUB SOMEWHERE... ANYTHING! I'D DO ANYTHING FOR A BIT OF BREAD!

HEY PETE, COMON OVER TO FRANK'S PLACE AFTER THE GIG, WE GOT SOME...

NO NO IAN, THANKS! BUT IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY... GOTTA GET THE OLD BEAUTY REST YOU KNOW!

MAYBE NEXT TIME, OKAY?

PETE THE LONER... PETE THE MISFIT! HE WANTED TO GO TO THE PARTY, BUT COULD HE, WITH A DAY GIG IT NEVER WORKS.

HEY BUDDY... WHO ARE YOU, WHAT'S THE IDEA BUSTIN' INTO MY PAD LIKE THIS UNINVITED? WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ON I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE KNOWN MR. PAUL! YOU DID ASK FOR ME, DIDN'T YOU? EARLIER THIS EVENING, YOU REMEMBER, YOU SAID YOU'D DO ANYTHING FOR SOME BREAD! WELL, I'M AT YOUR SERVICE!

I KNOW YOU, GOOD LORD, YOU'RE THE...

CORRECT, ABSOLUTELY MR. PAUL... BUT PLEASE OH PLEASE, I'D PREFER YOU CALL ME MR. LUCIFER! IT'S MUCH MORE... DIVINIFIED! I HAVE A REPUTATION TO MAINTAIN YOU KNOW!





HE *DISAPPEARED*... THAT
QUILLS ANY THOUGHTS
THAT HE MIGHT NOT
HAVE BEEN... WHO HE
SAID HE WAS!

HE WAS CERTAINLY
SOLID ENOUGH FOR
A SPIRIT! FLESH AND
BONES LIKE EVERY-
BODY ELSE!



BUT THAT DOESN'T SOLVE MY
PROBLEM ANY... I'D BEST
SLEEP ON IT!

IT WAS A TROUBLED NIGHT FOR PETER, DREAMS OF THE FORTUNE HE HAD BEEN
PROMISED... AND NIGHTMARES OF THE HELL TO WHICH HE MIGHT BE DOOMED!



AND IN THE MORNING, HE HAD SUFFERED THROUGH SUCH A TERRIBLE NIGHT HE
WAS IN NO FIT CONDITION FOR WORK! HIS EYES WERE PROPPED OPEN WITH
TOOTHPICKS AND THE STENCH OF HIS CORPSES SEEMED EVEN STRONGER TO HIS
STOMACH THAN USUAL! BUT THOUGHTS OF FORTUNE STILL FILLED HIS MIND!



PPPEEE-YYYOOOOWW! WHAT A STINK!
JUST THE SIMPLE WORD YES AND I'D BE
OUT OF THIS HOLE... JUST A SIMPLE WORD

WELL, I'D BETTER REACH MY
DECISION *SOON*... I'VE ONLY GOT
UNTIL TONIGHT AND I DON'T... *WAIT*
A MINUTE... *THAT'S IT... I'VE*
GOT IT!



FELLOW WORKERS
MARVELLED AT PETE THE
REST OF THE DAY
... NEVER HAD THEY
SEEN HIM SO BUSY, SO
INDUSTRIOUS! AND SO
HAPPY!



... UNTIL CAME THE NIGHT!

WILL IT *WORK*... IT'S GOT
TO! KINDA *RISKY* I ADMIT...
BUT IT'S CERTAINLY WORTH
A TRY, ANYWAY!







WELL NOW... WHAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THAT, YOU ASK? VERY SIMPLY THIS: IF HE'D **REALLY** ACCEPTED THE DEVIL'S DEAL HE'D HAVE LOST HIS SOUL, RIGHT? IF HE REFUSED HE WOULD HAVE LOST A FORTUNE. BUT... BY SELLING THE PETRIFIED BODY TO A BIG CIRCUS AT AN **EXORBITANT**,

LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN, PREEESENTING FOR THE FIRST TIME ANY WHERE... THE DEVIL'S HUMAN FORM... CAPTURED BY...



... **FOUND** MADE ENOUGH IN THE BARGAIN TO OPEN THAT CLUB HE'S ALWAYS WANTED! OF COURSE, ALL THAT MR. LUCIFER HAD TO DO WAS REMOVE HIS SPIRIT FROM THE HUMAN FORM... BUT AFTER ALL... A TRICK CAN SOMETIMES BE A REAL **TREAT!**



OH AH GOT A SOUL, SWEET SOUL, MUSIC...

HOPE YOU GOT A REAL **RICK** OUT OF THIS ONE GHOUL LOVERS! OH DON'T BE SO **SEAD** ABOUT IT, PETE'S NOT REALLY SUCH A **NEEL** AS THAT. AFTER ALL, IF THE **SHOE** FITS... **WEAR IT!**

WHAT ON EARTH GOOD IS A JAZZ MAN WITHOUT **SOUL!**





NO. 1—COLLECTOR'S EDITION



NO. 2—THE MUNSTERS



NO. 3—THE SHE CREATURE



NO. 4—LETTER TO LEE



NO. 5—KARLOFF'S NEWEST

USE THIS COUPON
TO GET VALUABLE
BACK ISSUES OF

**MONSTER
WORLD**



NO. 6—HOLIDAY ISSUE



NO. 7—FRANKENSTEIN'S SON



No. 8 Doctor "X"



NO. 9—THE ADDAMS FAMILY

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in a Sticky Caveat
for Protection

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NAME _____

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NO. 10—SUPER HEROES



GATHER ROUND, FEAR FAMILIES... WE'RE GOING BACK, BACK TO A TIME FORGOTTEN BY MODERN MAN! SO BE READY FOR DARK MAGIC AND DARING ADVENTURE! AND KEEP YOUR ARMOR OILED AND POLISHED... YOU MAY NEED IT!

ALTHOUGH STILL MANY MILES DISTANT, THE YOUNG KNIGHT WAS MADE TO APPEAR CLOSE AT HAND BY MINANKER'S **ENSORCELLED CRYSTAL SPHERE!** THIS KNIGHT, **NERON OF ANDRADORN**, CAME GRIMLY ON INTO THE **WIZARD'S REALM**, DETERMINED TO WIN FREEDOM FOR THE STOLEN **PRINCESS DRISTARA**, AND TO PROVIDE MINANKER WITH A SWIFT AND MUCH-DESERVED DEATH: BUT THE WIZARD WAS NEITHER FEARFUL NOR UNEASY! MANY MEN--AND EVEN ARMIES--HAD TRIED TO CROSS THE DARK LANDS TO MINANKER'S CASTLE; ALL HAD BECOME THE VICTIMS OF...

MINANKER'S DEMONS



COME ONWARD, BASH FOOL!
SOON ENOUGH YOU'LL RISE THE DEED!

CURSE YOU WITH A
LEADER'S NOT
KIDNAPPER!

YOU SELL ME SHORT **DRISTARA!** BEFORE THE EYES OF A HUNDRED OF YOUR FATHER'S WARRIORS I SHALL STEAL YOU AWAY! NO SMALL DEED THAT!



GLOAT WHILE YOU CAN, WIZARD!
NERON WIELDS THE **SWORD OF THE SEVENTH ATLANTICAN KINGDOM!** CERTAINLY ITS MYSTIC PROPERTIES ARE NOT UNKNOWN TO YOU?

THE WORLD IS FULL OF **MAGIC SWORDS!** I COLLECT THEM AS SOME MEN COLLECT WOMEN! BUT LOOK FOR YOURSELF! SEE THE SWORD IMPOWERS BEFORE MY **CENDRIARIES**



THE GREEN PRAIRIES
AND FORESTS OF
ANDRADOR
WERE FAR BEHIND!
MOMAKER'S REALM
HAD REPLACED THEM.
... FIRST ARID
DESERT, THEN
BLASTED MOON-
SCAPES, NOW
THE FOREST, DRY
AS KINDLING,
SMELLING OF
DECAY AND
DEATH!

LIGHT! LIGHTS...
A BRIGHTNESS LIKE
MOVING TORCHBRANDS!

AN EAGERNESS TO MAKE HUMAN CONTACT SPURRED
NERON ONWARD, BUT...

A TRICK!
THESE ARE NOT
MEN WITH TORCHES,
BUT TORCHES
THAT ARE MEN!

THE SWORD WORKS
THEM NO GREAT ILL!
AND I SMOTHER
FOR THEY BURN
THE VERY AIR!

MAD WITH FEAR, NERON'S HORSE
FLED THROUGH THE FOREST...

SWIFTER,
GRIMMIND!
THEY FOLLOW LIKE
THE BREATH
OF HELL!

A RIVER!
HAI FIENDS,
FOLLOW IF
YOU DARE!

I AM SAFE! THEIR WINGS
WILL NOT CARRY THEM
OVER THE RIVER!

WIZARD, DO YOU NOW THINK
NERON IS WITHOUT
RESOURCES?

LUCK ALONE
SAVED HIM!
WATCH!
HE WILL SOON
RIDE WHERE
EVEN LUCK
WILL FAIL
HIM!

BEYOND THE RIVER, NERON KEPT TO THE OPEN PLAINS,
FOLLOWING AN ANCIENT ROAD EVER EASTWARD UNTIL...

THOSE LOW HILLS
"THE DEMON MAIDEN"
NOT FAR BEYOND
LIES MINARKER'S
CASTLE!



THEN, LIKE A TROUBLED
SEA, THE EARTH
BEGAN TO SHAKE
AND...

MORE OF
MINARKER'S
MAGIC!



THE DEMON MAIDEN
STOOD ERECT,
BREATHED ALIVE BY
THE MOST POTENT
OF MAGICS...

GODS OF ATLANTIS!
THE WIZARD LEAGUED
HIMSELF WITH THE
VERY EARTH!



THE ROAD NERON HAD BEEN FOLLOWING LAY
ACROSS HER CHEST LIKE A GREAT SCAR!

POWERS OF THE
SEVENTH KINGDOM!
SLAY THIS EARTH
DAUGHTER BEFORE I
AM FOREVER BURIED
BENEATH HER CHARMS!



INFUSED WITH POWER FROM
THE ATLANTEAN GODS,
NERON'S SWORD FLASHED IN A
GREAT ARC, CLOVE THE EARTH
WITH A SOUND OF THUNDER.

SPAWN OF THE EARTH! RE-
TURN WHENCE YOU CAME!



BEFORE THE
GREATER MAGIC
OF THE SEVENTH
SWORD, THE
DEMON MAIDEN
FELL BACK, FALLING
BACK TO HER
MOTHER LIKE AN
AVALANCHE...



MILES AWAY, DRISTARA
LAUGHED MOCKINGLY WHILE
THE WIZARD ONLY PALED
IN ANGER.

NO MAGIC IN
THE SWORD?
ENOUGH TO
BREAK YOUR
CLOD, IT SEEMS.
AND SHAKE
EVEN THE VERY
STONES BENEATH
YOUR FEET!





THEY, SENSING THE AGONY OF HIS PRINCESS SPURRED HIS CHARGE TO GREATER HASTE



THOSE WHO GUARDED THE CAUSEWAY FELL LIKE CHAFF BEFORE NERON'S INPOWABLE BLADE ..



BUT AS NERON GALLOPED TOWARD THE CASTLE, THE SKY DARKENED AND BOILED WITH CLOUDS, THE WIND ROSE TO A GALE, AND THE ONCE BECALMED SEA HEAVED MENACINGLY.



MORE OF MINANKER'S WORK! BUT THE BLADE CUTS THEM JUST THE SAME!



I AM DOOMED IF I DON'T SOON REACH THAT DEVIL'S LAIR!



THEN A WALL OF WATER BOOMED NERON INTO THE SEA!



THE ATLANTIAN SWORD GAVE NERON THE STRENGTH TO SWIM WHERE OTHERWISE HE MIGHT HAVE DROWNED!



WOULD THAT MINNANER WERE TWINS, SO I COULD KILL HIM TWICE!



DRISTARA! HEAR ME! BRIDE, YOU FURTHER TORMENT THAT YOU MAY WATCH YOUR RECKLESS ANDRADORIAN MEET HIS DOOM!



ATLANTIAN DEMONS TRYING TO PLUCK ME FROM THE ROCKS! FREEZING ME WITH THEIR BREATHS!



MANY YARDS, A FEW FEET, THEN AS NERON CLAWED HIS WAY HALF-FROZEN ONTO THE CLIFF TOP...

THE SWORD! PLUCKED FREE... FALLING, LOST IN THE SEA!



NOW, WITH ONLY HATE AS HIS WEAPON, NERON OF ANDRADORIAN STUGGLED THROUGH THE VACANT HALLS OF MINNANER'S STRONGHOLD UNTIL...

WELCOME, NERON! A PITY YOU MUST COME SO FAR ONLY TO DIE!

LEE, NERON! I AM LOST! SAVE YOURSELF WHILE THERE IS TIME!



HUNG BY HIS PENTAGRAM, MINNANER WORKED ANOTHER WIZARDRY...

THE SPELL IS CAST! BEWARE THE CACODEMON!

BECKING OF SULFUR AND BRIMSTONE, THE
CACODEMON APPEARED. .



WHO DARES
SWITCH ME FROM
THE PEACE AND
PLEASURE OF
MY WORLD?

I DARE!
AND YOU
MUST OBEY!



SO IT IS HE WHO
HAS SO TROUBLED
ME IN THE PAST WITH
THEir SOME TASKS! WHAT
WOULD YOU HAVE ME
DO NOW WIZARD?

A SMALL THING,
CREATURE!
KILL ONLY THAT
MAN AND YOU
MAY RETURN
FROM WHENCE
YOU CAME!



INDEED!
BUT SUDDENLY
I SEE THAT IT
WILL BE SUFFERED
BY ANOTHER!
YOU MINANKER!
YOU WHO HAVE SO
OFTEN PUNED
ME IN THE PAST!

ARE YOU MAD?!
NO CREATURE SUMMONED
BY MAGIC MAY ENTER
THE CIRCLE OF THE
PENTAGRAM!



THINK NOT? NA, NA!
LONG HAVE I
WAITED FOR THIS!

ARRRGGGGG



TERON AND DRYSTARA MAKE A STARTLING
DISCOVERY...

LOOK! THE PENTAGRAM IS FLAWED...
THE CIRCLE BROKEN BY THIS
HAIRLINE CRACK IN THE STONE!
THROUGH THIS CRACK THE DEMON
GAINED ENTRY!



IT WAS THE WORK
OF YOUR SHROD
WORM! WHEN YOU
DEFEATED
MINANKER'S
EARTH GIANTNESS,
EVEN HIS CASTLE
SHOOK FROM THE
BLOW! IT WAS
THEN THAT THE
PENTAGRAM WAS
BROKEN! BUT THE
CRACK WAS TINY!
MINANKER NEVER
NOTICED! THUS HE
CALLED HIS
OWN DOOM!



MINANKER REALLY
MADE A MESS OF
THAT ONE! I WOULD-
N'T BE SURPRISED
IF THE WIZARD'S
UNION DIDN'T TRY
TO REVOKE HIS
LICENCE! THAT IS,
IF THEY EVER FIND
WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM.
WHICH ISN'T LIKELY!



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PROLOGUE: DURING THE MIDDLE AGES, A REMOTE REGION OF THE CALLED CASTLEMASS, WAS RULED BY BARON SORGH, KING OF THE GREAT DARK CASTLE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP WHICH OVERLOOKED THE TERRITORIES...

...SORGH RULED WITH AN IRON HAND! HE HAD SPIES AND ASSASSINS AMONG THE TOWNSMEN, AND THOSE WHO EVEN DROKE AGAINST HIM WERE CRUELLY PUNISHED! ...

...SORGH WAS ALWAYS WELL PROTECTED BY HIS KNIGHTS, AND WHEN HE PASSED THROUGH THE TOWN, THEY DARED NOT MOVE AGAINST HIM! ...



...AND SO IT WENT FOR THIS BLOATED, LACERATED, SCORCHED, BARON SORGH, LIVING OFF THE TOIL OF POOR PEOPLE, TERRORIZING THE MEN, FORCING HIMSELF ON THE WOMEN...

(WHAT?) MY TREASURY APPEARS TO ME NOT FULL ENOUGH! (GRRR!) ENOUGH THE DICKS AGAIN! THOSE LACY FERGANTS MUST BE MADE TO PAY! (COUGH) AND I HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT A FARMER IN THE WESTLANDS HAS A BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER 16 ONLY 16 YEARS OLD... BRING HER TO ME!



...UNTIL ANOTHER NOBLEMAN, LORD BASTI, FLEEING A REVOLUTION IN HIS OWN TERRITORY, MOVED INTO A CASTLE ON THE OPPOSITE AND BARON'S LAND AND DEMANDED TRIBUTE!

...THIS LORD BASTI WAS JUST AS CRUEL AND JUST AS GREEDY AS BARON SORGH! AND TOGETHER BOTH WERE SUCH ON THE PEASANTS' EYES, EACH FEARED THE OTHER, BUT ALSO FEARED THE OTHERS POWER!

...AND SO THE EVIL NOBLES PRETENDED FRIENDSHIP AND RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER WHILE EACH PLOTTED TO ENHANCE HIS EYES!

WHAT'S THIS? A NEW DEMAND BY SOMEONE CALLED LORD BASTI, FOR DUES AND TRIBUTE! NOT ME! I'M ALREADY OWING DUES TO BARON SORGH!

IT MATTERS NOT WHAT YOU ALREADY PAY... LORD BASTI IS A GREAT AND POWERFUL NOBLE AND YOU WILL SERVE HIM OR DIE! WE WILL ALL STARVE!

THIS BARON SORGH IS IN MY WAY! I WANT COMPLETE POWER OVER THIS TERRITORY! BUT HE IS POWERFUL... PERHAPS AS POWERFUL AS I! I CAN'T GET AT HIM! NOW OUTSTAY! I MUST WAIT UNTIL I HAVE HIS TRUST AND THEN OUTSTAY HIM!

IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO INVITE ME TO YOUR CASTLE FOR DINNER TONIGHT! IN SURE I SHALL ENJOY YOUR HOSPITALITY AND COMPANY AS USUAL!

AND IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO ACCEPT MY INVITATION, MY OLD FRIEND! SO LET ME ENJOY YOUR COMPANY TONIGHT!



UNTIL I CAN FIND A MURDERER IN YOUR COMPANY AND SURELY YOU, YOU WRETCHED OLD SWINE!

TILL THE DAY I CAN ENJOY WATCHING THE VULTURE'S FEARS YOUR MEAT GARDEN!



GREETINGS, CHARLIE-CHUM! THIS TIME WE ANSWER MANY OF YOUR LETTER-READERS' MUCH-FRIGHTENING WRITINGS ASKED ABOUT OUR THROAT-THROTTLING MODEL KIT! SO NOW WE SHOW YOU CURIOUS CADAVERS THE CARON OF THE BONE-BARE, NO HAIR...

FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLE MARE

THAT'S RIGHT...GIVE ME THE MONEY SO THAT YOU MAY SHOW TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT BARON SORGI!

IT...IT'S ALL THE MONEY I COULD EARN OR BORROW! MY FAMILY WILL GO HUNGRY... BUT ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN INCURRING THE WRATH OF BARON SORGI!



THAT'S RIGHT...GIVE IT ALL TO ME!
HA! HA! HA!

WAIT! I OVERHEARD THAT, AND IF THAT'S ALL THE MONEY YOU HAVE, YOU MUST OBEY TO THE VOICES OF LORD MAGI... OR FACE TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT!

BUT I'VE JUST PAID THE TAXES OF BARON SORGI! PAYING TWO LANDLORDS' HIGH TAXES HAD MADE ME POOR! IF LORD MAGI WANTS MY MONEY, HE MUST GET IT FROM BARON SORGI!

IN THAT CASE, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...





THAT'S LORD BASTI'S IDEAS
JUST HE SAID, AND I MUST
SEE TO IT! IF BARON DORCH
WANTS HIS MONEY, THEN
THAT'S HIS PROBLEM!
HA! HA! HA!

ALL MY GOOD MEN
—WAVE YOU FINISHED
COLLECTING THE
TAX MONEY?

ER... NO, MY LORD! I WAS JUST
COMPLETING THE JOB WHEN THE
MINDERS OF LORD BASTI FELL UPON
ME AND ROBBED ME OF THE MONEY,
SAYING THAT SINCE BASTI'S TASKS
WERE NOT ALL PAID, THAT I MUST
HAVE TAKEN THAT MONEY FROM THE
PEASANTS!

WHAT?
YOU LET
MY MONEY
GO? THEN
HOW CAN
YOU...?

...BUT SIR! IT WAS NOT MY FAULT! ER...
THEIR WERE MANY OF BASTI'S MEN!
THEY FELL UPON ME SUDDENLY! I HAD NO
CHANCE!

WHEN... IF THERE WERE
MANY OF THEM, YOU COULD
NOT BE EXPECTED TO
SAVE THE TAX MONEY! BUT
IF YOU WERE TRULY DEDICATED
TO FIGHTING FOR MY INTERESTS,
YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE
ABANDONED THE BATTLE
AA-ARGH! SO I WILL
ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY IF
YOU ACCOMPANY IT WITH
YOUR LIFE! YOUR OWN SWORD
WILL BE KINDER TO YOU THAN
I SHALL BE IF YOU MUST BE
BORN TO THE DEATH CHAMBER!

Y-YES,
SIR!

SUMMON LORD, MY CHIEF
ADVISOR, TO THE COUNCIL
CHAMBER... IMMEDIATELY!

YES,
SIR!

HIS HIGHNESS, BARON
DORCH WISHES TO SEE
YOU IN THE COUNCIL
CHAMBER WITHOUT
DELAY!

ALL, ALL RIGHT! AND NEXT
THE ANNOYING BLOOD
ENTRING, SIR!



THE CONFIDENT LORD BASTI HAS
INTERFERED IN MY DOMAIN FOR TOO
LONG! A WAY MUST BE FOUND TO
DISPOSE OF HIM ONCE AND FOR
ALL!

YOU WANTED TO
SEE ME, BARON?

YES, MY TRUSTED
ADVISOR... I
PLEASE, COME
CLOSER!

THIS LORD BASTI HAS MESSLED IN
THE AFFAIRS OF MY FREEDOM LONG
ENOUGH! UP TILL NOW I'VE KEPT MY
TEMPER IN CHECK BECAUSE I
FEARED HIS POWER... EVEN PRE-
TENDING TO RESPECT HIM! BUT
NOW HE'S GONE TOO FAR! HE MUST
BE SAFELY AND EFFICIENTLY REMOVED!
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

THE BARON IS RIGHT NOT TO ATTEMPT
A DIRECT ATTACK! LIFE IS VERY VALU-
ABLE IN A GAME OF CHIBBS... OFTEN IT IS
WISER TO USE
CRAFT AND
SUBTLETY
RATHER THAN
BRUTE FORCE!

THAT'S WHY I'VE
CALLED UPON YOU...
YOUR CRAFTINESS
IS WELL KNOWN TO
ME! WHAT HAVE YOU IN
MIND?

I SUGGEST A TRAP! YOU WILL HAVE
A DINNER WITH BASTI... HE WILL BE
PLED WITH GOOD FOOD AND WINE...
RELAXED! BUT HE, YOUR HUMBLE
SUBORDINATE, WILL HAVE BEEN BUSY!
AND BASTI WILL FALL INTO A FATAL
TRAP ALL ALONE, WITH NONE OF HIS
MINDING TO HELP HIM!

BUT BASTI IS NO FOOL! HE WOULD NOT
BE SO STUPID AS TO FALL INTO A TRAP
IN MY CASTLE! HE ALWAYS COMES HERE
WITH GUARDS AND NEVER STAYS FROM
THE MAIN ROOM!

AH... BUT LIKE A
CHIBBS GAME, IT IS WISE TO
TRAP THE ENEMY KING IN HIS
OWN LAIR... A TRAP FOR
HIM IN HIS OWN CASTLE!

BRILLIANT! I'LL
LEAVE THE DETAILS
TO YOU, LORD...
AND I DON'T NEED
TO TELL YOU OF MY
GENEROSITY
SHOULD YOUR
PLAN SUCCEED!

IT WILL, LORD!
NOW THE BEST
TIME BASTI INVITES
YOU TO DINNER!
HERE'S WHAT I
WANT YOU TO DO...

MEANWHILE...

A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION! SOON,
MY LORD BASTI WILL BE ELIMINATED, I ALONE
WILL RULE THIS TERRITORY! WE WILL
PROCEED WITH THE PLAN AND INVITE
GORSI TO DINNER A FEW DAYS FROM
NOW!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! YOU KNOW THE PLAN. WE WILL PRETEND TO BE PEASANT WORKERS COMING TO REPAIR SOMETHING IN BASIL'S WINE CELLAR! THE GUARDS WILL SUSPECT NOTHING.

WE UNDERSTAND, SIR!

THAT'S RIGHT, NOBLE ONE!... WE ARE HERE AT LORD BASIL'S REQUEST TO FIX A BROKEN DOOR IN THE CELLAR.



WHY... I REMEMBER NO INSTRUCTIONS TO ADMIT PEASANTS... BUT I OBEY! IT'S ALL RIGHT!

AN HOUR LATER...



THINK... IT IS DONE! NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO BASIL WHEN HE COMES INTO THE WINE CELLAR... BUT WHEN HE LEAVES THE TRAP WILL BE SPRUNG JUST THE MOMENT HE THOUGHT THAT DOOR AHEAD! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THE NEXT DAY...



GREETINGS, LORD BASIL! LORD BASIL HAS INVITED ME TO DINNER TONIGHT AT HIS CASTLE!

ALL IS IN READINESS, SIR! THE TRAP I HAVE PREPARED CANNOT FAIL! I WANT DEEN TO IT MYSELF! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET BASIL TO SHOW YOU HIS WINE CELLAR AND MAKE SURE HE LEADS THE WAY BOTH IN AND OUT!

AH... LORD BASIL! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! I HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR THIRST AND APPETITE WITH YOU.

THANKS! I HAVE! ESPECIALLY MY THIRST! I'VE HEARD TILES FAR AND WIDE OF THE QUALITY OF YOUR WINE-CELLAR... MIGHT I SEE IT AND DISTILL A DRINK?

MIND YOUR STEP NOW... THE STAIRS ARE OLD AND TREAKY... I HOPE IT WILL BE WORTH THE TRIP ONCE WE GET TO THE CELLAR! I WELCOME... ER... SURPRISE FOR YOU!

THE FOOL IS MAKING IT EASY FOR ME! INSTEAD OF HASTENING TO HAVE MY MEN READY, HE'S OUT AND CARRY HIM TO THE CELLAR, HE IS GOING TO FALL DOWN!

BUT OF COURSE, OLD CONRARD! COME, I WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY.



SHOULDN'T BE LONG NOW... I
DON'T QUITE KNOW WHAT LARA
WAS ARRANGED, BUT IT SHOULD
HAPPEN AS SOON AS BART
OPENS THE DOOR TO LEAVE.

THAT WILL SETTLE YOUR
ARECOLINE, YOU FOOL!

HERE'S A WINE WHICH
FEARS NO INTEREST!
LET US... **MARCHINI**

DO I WANT HER HERE? I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU HERE. I'VE GIVEN ORDERS FOR THE REAR HATCH DOOR TO BE SEALED AS SOON AS WE CAME DOWN HERE! IT'S SEALED ALREADY, IN FACT. I'LL LEAVE HER BY A SECRET DOOR THAT ONLY I KNOW. THAT REW, NOBODY CAN HAVE YOU BECAUSE THEY WON'T KNOW HOW TO GET HERE! YOUR DEATH WILL BE SLOW AND PAINFUL. I'VE AL-

IN A FEW SECONDS
I'LL BE OUT OF HERE
AND YOU'LL BE ALL
ALONE ... FOR GOOD!

BASTI! NO! THE DOOR
KNOWS! DON'T TURN THE...

600-ONE,
YOU...
1-800-ONE

**BASTI!
NO! BASTI!**

EAST!
EAST!
EAST!

JEAN: NO, SORRY—I
KNEW HIM WELL! WELL,
WELL, WELL! HE'S JUST
MARRIED! ACCORDING NOW-
HANS: OF COURSE HE
DESERVES COMPLAINT FROM
ANYONE! MARRIE BE-
CAUSE HIS DISEASE HAS
BEEN GIVEN SO WELL
... HE'S LOST A LOT OF
WEIGHT! YOU DON'T
HAVE TO WAIT FOR AN-
OTHER HORROR
MARRIAGE,
THOUGH...

THE
FORGOTTEN
PRISONER
— OF —
CASTEL-
MARE

END.

NOW I'VE GOT YOU WHERE I WANT YOU. HA/HA/HA. YOU WON'T INTERFERE IN MY MANAGEMENT OF THIS TERRITORY ANY MORE. IT'S *ALIVE* NOW. HA/HA/HA.

YOU...WHAT...
ARE...YOU...
DOING...TO...
DO?

B. BUT WAIT! WAIT! NO! DON'T UNDERSTAND? THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW! SOMETHING I JUST TELL YOU!

YOU'RE
WASTING
YOUR BREATH!
HA-HA!

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GOT THAT *SINKING MURKEY* FEELING IN YOUR TUMMY TUM? THINK YOU'VE GOT THE *CREEPY CRAWLIES*? THEN YOUR *QUESINESS* IS ON THE WAY OUT, OLD *GHOU*! 'CAUSE AFTER YOU'VE READ THIS TALE ABOUT THE *UNTIDY BOG* YOU SEE ON THIS PAGE YOU'RE GONNA BE IN NO CONDITION TO FEEL ANYTHING!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN THE TINY ENGLISH TOWN OF *GRAVESEND*, ABOUT TEN MILES FROM *LONDON*, THE GREAT CITY'S SEWAGE WAS BACKED UP ALONG THE BANKS OF THE *THAMES*. IT HAD FORMED SO THICK AT ONE POINT THAT EVEN THE SWIFT WATERS OF THE *THAMES* AVOIDS CROSSING ITS PATH. THE TOWNSPEOPLE CONSIDER THE *BOG* A PLAGUE, AND CHILDREN ARE WARNED TO STAY WELL CLEAR. BUT CHILDREN WILL BE CHILDREN... *AND SO STARTS OUR TALE!*

The SWAMP IN HELL!

MY FOLKS
WOULD *KILL*
ME IF THEY
KNEW I WAS
HERE!

THOSE STORIES
ABOUT *GIGANTIC*
SNAKES AND *MON-*
STERS AND THINGS!
YOU *KNOW* THEY'RE
NOT TRUE!
YOU'RE JUST
SCARED!





BUT THERE WAS *ONE* WHO REMAINED...ONE WHO HAD BEEN **FORGOTTEN!** ONE WHO COULD NOT RUN FROM **ANYTHING**, ONE WHO WAS CRIPPLED, OLD, AND BLIND... ONE WHO DID NOT EVEN CARE!



AS THE DOG MONSTER CAME CLOSER TO THE OLD MAN, HE COULD HEAR THE SOUND OF PIPES... THE SOUND OF A FLUTE! AND HIS ANGER, HIS BITTER THIRST FOR REVENGE ON THOSE WHO HAD UNWITTINGLY CREATED HIM WAS STILLED!

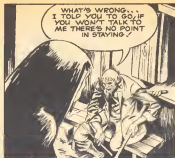


WHAT IS IT? WHO IS THERE, I CAN'T SEE... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

CAN YOU NOT SPEAK? ARE YOU OLD LIKE ME, ARE YOU SICK, BLIND? WHY DID THE PEOPLE ABOUT ME RUN SO MADLY?

OH, WELL... IF YOU WON'T ANSWER ME, I SHAN'T BOTHER YOU... I ONLY ASK TO BE LEFT ALONE!

BUT HE WHO WAS OF MAN'S WANTON SLANDEROUS WASTE COULD NOT COMPREHEND... COULD NOT UNDERSTAND! HE WAS ENTRANCED BY THE MUSIC, LULLED BY THE MAGIC OF THE PIPER!



IT WAS A SCENE FEW WOULD BELIEVE / HOW COULD ONE EVEN HOPE TO SEE A GLIMMER OF REASON BEHIND SUCH A BIZARRE SCENE, A DOG MONSTER, SPAWNED OF HELL, SANCTIONED OF THE DEVIL, SITS QUIETLY, AS THE OLD BLIND FARMER PREPARES A CUP OF TEA!



WE HAVE TO GO BACK! HE'S HELP-LESS BY HIMSELF...



HE'S MY FATHER! I CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM THERE, NOT KNOWING WHETHER HE'S ALIVE OR....



AS THE OLD MAN HIMSELF SAID...LOVE DOES MIRACULOUS THINGS...COULD IT POSSIBLY BE SAID THAT THE BOG CREATURE, WHO WAS SPAWNED OF EVIL, BRED OF HORROR...WHO LIVED BY THE VERY CRIME OF MAN'S NEGLECT... WAS DOOMED...NOT BY FORCE OR WEAPONRY...BUT BY HUMAN KINDNESS?

NAH NAH...IT'S NOT TRUE...DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT...KINDNESS KILLED THE BOG MONSTER...*NONSENSE!* IT WAS JUST THE WEATHER AND THE EXCITEMENT THAT KILLED HIM...NOTHING ELSE!

ANYWAY...FRANTIC FIENDS HANG IN THERE FOR THE NEXT TANTALIZING SELECTION...A MORSEL IN THE TRUE HORROR TRADITION...AND I *GUARANTEE* IT WON'T HAVE SUCH A HAPPY GOODY-GOODY TWO SHOES ENDING AS THIS ONE!





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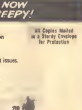
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"THIS SCORCHER CONTAINS SOME CHILLING LAB-ORATORY ABOUT BOSS BARON VOSS AND HIS ROOTIN' BRUTEIN' ASSISTANT..."

AND!!

NO! NO!
PLEASE
LET HIM GO!
MY POOR
HUSBAND
HAS DONE
NOTHING
WRONG!

NO!
DON'T
HURT MY
DADDY!

SILENCE, CHILD,
BEFORE I WRING
YOUR NECK TIGHT!
HE HAS FAILED TO
PAY THE BARON'S
TAXES, AND MUST
BE MADE TO
REALIZE HIS
ERROR!

AGH!...
BUT WE
CANNOT PAY
THE TAXES!
THEY ARE TOO
HIGH! WE
STARVE
ALREADY
AS IT IS!

THE BARON DEMANDS
OBEDIENCE... AND
I INSURE IT!
THIS IS YOUR
FIRST AND
LAST
WARNING!

DON'T HURT ME...
...AAAAAGH!

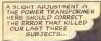
LET THIS BE A LESSON!
PAY YOUR TAXES...
ALL OF THEM! DON'T
MAKE ME PAY YOU
ANOTHER VISIT!

SOB!

DADDY!



THE BARON WILL BE PLEASED WITH ME! AND PLEASING MY MASTER IS ALL I CARE ABOUT!



A SLIGHT ADJUSTMENT IN THE POWER TRANSFORMER HERE SHOULD CORRECT THE ERROR THAT KILLED OUR LAST THREE SUBJECTS...

I HAVE DONE AS YOU ORDERED MASTER. THE WOODSMAN WILL PAY HIS TAXES IN FULL AND ON TIME FROM NOW ON!



YOU HAVE DONE WELL ANDO! BUT ENOUGH OF THE MUNDANE AND BORING TASKS OF KEEPING THE PEASANTS IN THEIR PLACES... WE HAVE WORK TO DO IN THE LABORATORY!



YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW ANDO THAT I BELIEVE I HAVE LOCATED THE CAUSE OF OUR LAST THREE FAILURES!



THEN THE NEW SUBJECT... I... ER RECAIVED FROM THE VILLAGE LAST NIGHT SHOULD BE OUR FIRST SUCCESS!

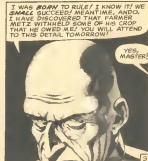


AH YES, THE SUBJECT. GO AND FETCH HIM, ANDO!



COME, KARL... THE BARON WILL SEE YOU NOW!

GOOD! I KNEW A HORRIBLE MISTAKE HAD BEEN MADE WHEN YOU KIDNAPPED ME FROM THE VILLAGE LAST NIGHT! SURELY THE BARON NOW MEANS TO RELEASE ME!



THE NEXT DAY... AH, FARMER METZ -- GOOD THAT I HAVE FOUND YOU! THE BARON SAYS THAT YOU HAVE NOT PAID HIM ALL OF THE TWO-THIRDS OF YOUR CROP THAT YOU OWE. I THINK THAT YOU SHALL BE AN OBJECT LESSON FOR THE ENTIRE COUNTRY.

B... BUT TWO-THIRDS IS FAR TOO MUCH TO GIVE! MY WIFE STARVES! OUR CHILDREN SHIVER IN THE NIGHT WITHOUT BLANKETS!



MASTER, I HAVE BROUGHT THE REBELLIOUS FARMER METZ HERE TO... APOLOGIZE! HE WISHES TO DO PENANCE BY OFFERING HIS HELP IN THE EXPERIMENT!

NEVER MIND THAT, ANDO...



BUT MASTER... IF WE MUST HAVE A SUCCESS BEFORE WE CAN MAKE THE ADJUSTMENTS, AND NO HUMAN CAN LIVE THROUGH THE PROCESS BEFORE THEY ARE MADE, THEN *HOW* CAN WE EVER SUCCEED?

AH, ANDO... I SAID NO *NORMAL* HUMAN! BUT *YOU*, ANDO, WITH YOUR GREAT SIZE AND STRENGTH *COULD* SURVIVE! AND ONCE YOU DO...



THE BARON MUST TAKE PITY... REDUCE OUR TAXES AND...
OOOOH!

SILENCE! SCARLENNARD!



... I'VE FOUND OUR TROUBLE! THE FACT IS, UNTIL WE GET THE PROCESS REFINED BY TRIAL AND ERROR, THE NORMAL HUMAN BODY WILL *NEVER* BE ABLE TO LIVE THROUGH IT! WE MUST HAVE A SUCCESSFUL TRIAL TO GO BY IN MAKING THE ADJUSTMENTS!



N. NO MASTER! PLEASE DON'T USE THE MACHINERY ON ME! I'VE ALWAYS SERVED YOU FAITHFULLY.



DON'T BE AFRAID ANDO! YOU WON'T DIE! AND AFTER YOUR WEAKNESSES ARE ELIMINATED AND I STUDY THE RESULTS, I'LL CORRECT THE MACHINERY AND MAKE AN *ARMY OF SUPERMEN!* WE'LL CONQUER ALL THE KNOWN WORLD!

GREY ME, ANDO, AND LET'S
GET STARTED WITH THE
PROCESS! GET RID OF
THAT WEAK FOOL
METZ!

BUT... BUT... I...
ALL RIGHT MASTER!
I CANNOT DISOBEY
YOU NO MATTER
WHAT YOU ASK
OF ME!

THAT'S RIGHT, ANDO...
GET ON THE TABLE!
I DON'T SUPPOSE
WE NEED BOTHER
STRAPPING YOU!
IN! HA HA HA!!

AND SO IT FINALLY BEGINS...THE
FIRST OF MY MARCHING SUPERMEN
THAT WILL CREATE A NEW GOLDEN
AGE ON EARTH, WITH ME AS ITS
GUIDING GENIUS!... NOW!!

ZAP

HUMMMMM

CRACK ZOOM

THAT'S RIGHT, ANDO! ENDURE IT!
USE YOUR STRENGTH TO WITH-
STAND THE PAIN AND SOON YOU
SHALL BE STRONG BEYOND YOUR
WILDEST DREAMS!

WELL? DID IT WORK?
HOW DO YOU FEEL?

STRANGE...
VERY STRANGE!



WE MUST TEST IT.
AH... SEE? THE
KNIFE CANNOT
PIERCE YOUR
SKIN. NOW
I'VE GOT AN
IRON BAR FOR
YOU TO BEND!

HUNDERBAR! I HAVE
SUCCEEDED! ALL YOUR
HUMAN WEAKNESSES
ARE NOW ELIMINATED!
SOON I WILL RULE
THE WORLD!

I'M
AFRAID **MR.**
MASTER!

WH... WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

YOU HAVE REMEDIED AND
ELIMINATED ALL MY
PHYSICAL WEAKNESSES.
MASTER... BUT WHAT YOU
DIDN'T REALIZE IS THAT
YOUR PROCESS ALSO CURED
MY **MENTAL** WEAKNESSES AS
WELL... AND **ONE** OF MY **MENTAL**
WEAKNESSES WAS MY UNDUE
DEVOTION AND OBEDIENCE TO
YOU! NOW THAT IT'S CURED
YOU ARE MY **MASTER NO**
LONGER!!



**STOP! OBEY ME! WH...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO??**



FOR YEARS I BLINDLY
OBEYED YOU, OBVIOUS
TO THE FILTHY TASKS
YOU SENT ME TO DO...
THIS FINAL HORRIBLE
COMMAND TO BE A
VICTIM FOR YOUR
EXPERIMENT! NOW
I'M GOING TO **REPAY**
YOU FOR **BETRAYING**
MY TRUST!!

**NO! NO! OBEY
ME! I AM
YOUR MASTER!
DON'T! I
WAS BORN
TO RULE!
I...**

PAYMENT IN
FULL! NOW
WITH MY
LIBERATED MIND
I CAN PLOT MY
OWN CONQUESTS!



ANDO WON'T CONQUER
EUROPE... IF THE FIRE
DOESN'T GET HIM, THE
BARON'S PROCESS WILL!
THE COSMIC RAYS IT
GENERATES KILL
HUMANS IN A FEW DAYS!
WHAT A **BURNER** ON
ANDO. BH? MIGHT
MAKE A GOOD COMEDY
TEAM... **BURNED BARON**
AND **ASHEN ANDO**!
THINK VOSS GETS THE
CHOKER... ER... JOKE?
WELL IT'S A **SING**
YOU'RE GOING TO
CHOKER ON MY NEXT
CHILLER...



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